

"oh no," she said,
"i'm sure it wasn't that;
i'm sure he sensed

something ... intangible
about me!"
i suppose

i should have set her straight
as to just exactly which intangible
it was you sensed

but when i shit on people
i feel bad about it sometimes
in the morning.

so i just said,
"yeah, i'm sure you're right,"
and got home for the second quarter.

jesus christ, though, it's enough
to make you wonder why we all
don't just turn queer.

death of a lawnmower

i am a toad;
consequently poets are forever trying
to run over me with their power mowers,
presumably so they will have
something to write about.

one tried yesterday,
but i sprang a little surprise on him:
i ate his foot off;
then i ate the lawnmower.

i'm curious to see how he will work that one
into his alexandrine strophies.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach, CA

NOTED AS RECEIVED:::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::
Roberto Sosa's Un Mundo Para Todos Dividido, Manuel Cofino
Lopez's La Ultima Mujer y el Proximo Combate, Manuel Esp-
inoza Garcia's La Politica Economica de los Estados Unidos
Hacia America Latina Entre 1945 y 1961 fm. casa de las
americas, G Y Tercera, Vedado, La Habana, Cuba. ¶ Yolanda
Bedregal's Antologia Minima fm. Casilla 149, La Paz, Bo-
livia. ¶ Marco Ramirez Murzi's El Regreso del Agua fm.
author, AP. 1821, Caracas 101, Venezuela.